

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1843.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV. No. 14.

NAUVOO AND THE MORMONS.

Letter from the Editor of the Pittsburgh Gazette, dated Warsaw, Ill. 30th Aug.

Nauvoo, as most of our readers probably know, is about 20 miles above the town, on the Mississippi. It was lying at the foot of the Des Moines mountains, and Nauvoo at the head. There are two roads—one by the river bank and one by the prairie. We took the latter, although it is some four or five miles further.

Nauvoo lies about north of this point, but we first took a due east course in order to get on the prairie, as the bluff which divides the prairie from the river, all through this region, consists of wooded hills and ravines, generally from three to five miles wide. Our road, therefore, for the first 4 miles was very rough, after which we got out on the open, cultivated prairie, when we altered our course to the north, and stretched away for Nauvoo over one of the finest roads in the world. I was much surprised, on arriving at the prairie, to witness the great changes that had taken place within three years. Three years before, on a prairie some 15 miles across, immediately east of Warsaw scarcely a house was to be seen; now the whole prairie appeared to be settled, presenting the appearance of an old inhabited country, with the exception that not a tree was to be seen. I was informed that twenty-five farms could be counted from one little hillock on this prairie.

But our course north soon took us from this settled country, and we travelled over vast prairies, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach, except on our right, where lay the bluff which intervened between us and the river. Herds of cattle could occasionally be seen dotting the surface of the earth, and it wanted but a small stretch of the imagination to fancy these the "prairie lords of the prairie," the fierce buffaloes that a few years ago roamed in solitude and security over these inland oceans. As we approached the "kingdom," as Nauvoo is denominated here, the country again began to be settled, while the luxuriant herbage of the prairie was cropped quite short by the herds of cattle belonging to the Mormons. Most of the prairie, near Nauvoo, is fenced with turf. A ditch some two feet deep is dug on each side of the fence, and the turf piled up between, making a very good and durable fence. These fences are broad enough on the top for a foot path. Quite a number of the houses or huts in which the inhabitants on the prairies live, are also made of turf and covered with clapboards. As this turf is black, as is all the soil on the prairies, these huts present a very sombre appearance, and as there is not a tree, and scarcely a hillock to ward off the scorching sun of summer or the cold blast of winter, they present a very bleak and desolate appearance. As we neared the city, about 6 o'clock in the evening we passed an immense herd of cows which were being driven into the city, from the prairie to supply the inhabitants with milk. We also passed a large number of wagons loaded with hay, the produce of the natural grass of the prairie. About three miles from the river, we entered the "kingdom of Nauvoo," it being about four miles long, up and down the river and three miles broad. The part near the prairie, about a mile and a half from the river, is quite broken up, with ravines; nevertheless it is all laid out in acre lots, and more or less settled. We drove down near the river, and put up at a very respectable tavern, kept by one of the elders—a temperance house. After tea we walked out past the house of the prophet, who had a very good garden, containing about an acre, with a very fine fence around it, painted white, as is also his house, a moderate sized and humble looking frame dwelling. Near the prophet's, on the other bank of the river, is the site of the "Nauvoo House" building by revelation. The basement is finished. It is built of a good, hard white stone. The front on the river is about 140 feet, and is entirely above ground of cut stone. It has a wing running back about 100 ft. All this work is of the best and most substantial character. When this building is finished, it will be equal to any hotel in the western country. By special revelation, the prophet and his heirs are to have a suit of rooms in this house forever.

The next morning, after breakfast, we paid a visit to the prophet. We were received in a common sitting room, very plainly furnished, where the prophet and the other members of the family had just been breakfasting, and his numerous children and dependants were then sitting at the table. He received us in a quiet, good humored friendly manner, asked us to sit down, and said he hoped for a better acquaintance. On the gentleman who accompanied me asking him how he prospered, he replied: "None can get ahead of me, and few can keep behind me." He seemed to think he had said something very witty, he laughed very heartily. I spent about an hour conversing on various subjects, the prophet himself with amazing volubility, occupying most of the time, and his whole time was himself. Let us give what turn we would to the conversation, he would readily bring it back to himself. The gentleman who accompanied me is a strong Whig, and as the Mormon vote had been given at the recent election, to the Locofoco member of Congress, thereby defeating Cyrus Walker, Esq., who had defeated "Joe" in several law suits, with the Missourians, we spoke of politics at first. "Joe" professes to be a great friend to Mr. Walker, and said he had voted for him, but would not interfere with his people in the matter. He said he had never asked the Lord anything about politics, if he had done so the Lord would have told him what to do. "The Lord," said he, "has promised to give us wisdom, and when I lack wisdom lack the Lord, and he will tell me, and if he didn't tell me, I would say he was a liar, that's the way I feel. But I never asked him anything about politics. I am a whig, I am a Clay man. I am made of Clay, and I am tending to Clay, and I am going to vote for Henry Clay; that's the way I feel. (A laugh). But I won't interfere with my people religiously, to affect their votes, though I might to Clay, for he ought to be President. I have sworn by the eternal gods—it's no harm to swear by the gods, because there is none if there is only one God; there can't be gods, and it's no harm to swear by nothing. (A laugh). I have sworn by the eternal gods that I will ever vote for a democrat again, and I intend to swear my children, putting their hands under the thigh, as Abraham swore Isaac, that they never will vote a democrat a ticket in all their generations. It is the meanest, lowest party in all creation. There is five sixths of my people so led away by the infamous term 'democrat,' that they will vote the locofoco ticket. I am a democrat myself. I am a Washington democrat, a Jefferson democrat, a Jackson democrat, and I voted for Harrison, and I am going to vote for Clay. The Locofoco are no democrats, but the meanest, lowest, most tyrannical beings in the world. They opposed me in Missouri, and were going to shoot me for treason, and I had never committed any treason whatever. I never had anything bigger than a jack knife about me, and they took me a prisoner of war, and had 20 men to guard me. I had nothing to do with fighting. Our men, 600 strong, were in arms under Col. Hinkle. When the Missourians came marching up, Col. Hinkle ordered us to retreat, when I lifted my hand and said, 'Boys, I think we won't go yet; we'll stand our ground, and they stood firm, but Col. Hinkle run like the devil. For doing this they charged me with treason.'

In this manner the prophet ran on talking incessantly. Speaking of revelations he stated that when he was in a "quadrant," he asked the Lord for a revelation, and when he could not get it, he followed the dictates of his own judgment, which were as good as a revelation to him; but he never gave any thing to his people as a revelation, unless it was a revelation, and the Lord did reveal himself to him. Running on in his voluble style, he said, "The world persecutes me, it always has persecuted me. The people of Carthage, in a public meeting lately said, 'as for Joe, he's a fool, but he's got some smart men about him.' I am glad they give me so much credit. It is not every fool that has sense enough to get smart men about him. The Lord revealed himself to me first, when I was about 14 years old, a mere boy. I will tell you about it. There was a reformation among the different religious denominations in the neighborhood where I lived, and I became serious, and was desirous to know what church to join.

While thinking of this matter, I opened the testament promiscuously on these words in James, 'Ask of the Lord who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.' I just determined to ask him. I immediately went out into the woods, where my father had a clearing, and went to the stump, where I had stuck my axe when I had quit work, and I knelt down and prayed, saying, 'O Lord, what church shall I join?' Directly a light shined, and then a glorious personage in the light, and then another personage, and the first personage said to the second, 'Hold my beloved son, hear him.' I then addressed the second personage, saying, 'O Lord, what church shall I join?' He replied, 'Don't join any of them, they are all corrupt.' The vision then vanished, and when I came to myself, I was sprawling on my back; and it was some time before my strength returned. When I went home and told the people I had a revelation, and that all the churches were corrupt, they persecuted me, and they have persecuted me ever since. They thought I put me down, but they haven't succeeded, and they can't do it. When I have proved that I am right, and get all the world subdued under me, I think I

deserve something. My revelations have proved to be true, because they have been delivered before they came to pass, and they came to pass exactly. I had a revelation in Missouri which was filled to the letter. The Missourians had got us all prisoners, and were then tending to kill us. The principal man of us were lying under a log, with a guard standing around us in the night I fell into a trance, I call it a trance, I heard a voice which said, 'Joseph, fear not, you and all your friends shall be delivered without harm and shall yet stand upon the hills of Zion.' When I awoke out of the trance, I awoke Eliza Rigdon, and said I have a revelation, we shall all escape. Elder Rigdon about told it to the next one, and in the morning it was told to my family and all our friends, and they all rejoiced. That revelation came to pass, although they were holding a council at the time I had the trance, and had resolved to kill me. They can't harm me. I told my family, lately before I left home for Dixon, that if I was taken up, the Lord would deliver me, did I Emma (appealing to his wife, who was standing behind his chair playing with his hair, and who answered him in the affirmative)—and when they took me I was passive in their hands, and the Lord compelled them to bring me right to Nauvoo. They couldn't help themselves, although they gnashed their teeth with rage.

Speaking of the temple which he is erecting he said, 'I don't know how the world will like it, it suits me. I have no book learning, I am not educated to build according to the world, I know nothing about architecture, and all that, but it pleases me; that's the way I feel.' A good deal of conversation of a similar character took place, the prophet occupying nearly the whole time, and talking of himself incessantly. Judging from his conversation, manner and appearance, I should think him a man of small capacity, smaller requirements, and a desire to his own impostures. His language is rude and vulgar, and his conduct is light and trifling. He is fond of his own jokes and low wit, and laughs immoderately when he thinks he has said a good thing. He is a large fleshy man, with a fine blue eye, large and sensual looking mouth and lips, with an evident predominance of the animal propensities.

It is surprising to see the awe with which his followers approach him with hat in hand, contrasted with the cavalier and fearless style of his treatment to them. A poor man came to the door while we were there, and with evident trepidation addressed the prophet. He wished to obtain some information as to what he had best do with his family, having just arrived. 'Had I better come in, to town and settle on one of the lots, or stay out in the prairie? If you are going to farm it, you had better stay on the prairie,' was the reply of the prophet. 'I wish to buy a piece of land, for which I will pay trade of various kinds to the amount of \$500; will you sell me some?' 'My lands are all good titles, and I must have the money for them,' was the reply of the prophet, as he turned on his heel and left the man to reflect on the christian politeness and courtesy of one whom he esteemed a prophet of the Lord, and to ponder upon him, he had left his early home, and braved the hardships of a western life. It is surprising that the conduct of the pretended prophet does not open the eyes of his poor, deluded followers.

"Joe," is profane and vulgar in his conversation, and frequently gets drunk, and yet he is venerated as the favorite of heaven, and his revelations put on a par with divine writ. After taking our leave of the prophet we spent some time in viewing the city and temple. The site of Nauvoo is one of the most beautiful on the Mississippi river. The river at this place makes a large bend, forming a semi circle, within which lies the lower part of the city, running back to the bluff. This semi-circular piece of ground is perfectly level, and lies above high water mark, extending at the widest place about three-fourths of a mile back from the river, and is about a mile and a half in length along the bluff. The bluff rises gradually, and is not very high, and presents most beautiful building sites. On the bluff immediately opposite the centre of the semi-circle, and about a mile from the river, stands the temple. The site is beautifully chosen, as it is in a central and elevated position, and can be seen from the river, all round the bend, and from every part of the town.

All over the bluff and bottom, are buildings, either erected or in progress of erection, but no part of the town is compactly built. The whole space is a conglomeration of houses, fences, gardens, cornfields, stables, huts, &c. One looks in vain for anything like a compactly built street. The object seems to have been to scatter as widely as at all convenient, & to cover as much ground as possible. The ground is sold out in acre lots, and every man builds his house, or shantee,

or hut, as the case may be, and plants his ground in corn and vegetables for the support of his family. The houses are of all sorts, shapes and sizes. Some very many are fine brick dwellings. Others are quite respectable looking frames. Others, again, are more shanties, some log, some turf, and some mere sheds of boards. There are very few stores, mechanic shops, or business houses, and no trade going on. There is nothing to export, and no ability to import. Every body seems engaged in putting up houses, taking care of gardens, and getting in hay from the prairies. As crowds of emigrants are flocking in daily, the whole community is employed in providing shelter, and in procuring the bare necessities for existence. It is hard to estimate the number of the population, it is scattered over so large a space, and several families are frequently crowded into one house. The prophet stated to me, that he estimated their number at 12,000. He said he could muster, in half a day, 3,000 able bodied men, fit to bear arms, who could whip any five thousand Missourians. It is thought there are at least 25,000 Mormons in the county. They have a majority of the votes, and hold nearly all the county offices.

There must be a great deal of suffering in the winter season, from cold and hunger; and there is considerable sickness in the community at this time. One sees many pale faces about the streets. As we approached the city, we met a mournful cavalcade, conveying a human being to his last resting place. First came a common wagon drawn by horses in which was the coffin, a rough looking box, with three men sitting upon it in their shirt sleeves. Behind this came a rough wagon, drawn by oxen, in which was a large family of children, of all ages, a young woman of about 18 appearing as chief mourner, her cheeks wet with tears, probably burying her father. No prophet, or priest, or elder, or procession of neighbors accompanied the remains to their last resting place.

But I must hasten to some account of the Temple, and then bring this long and I fear dry epistle to a close. This modern structure, which is to revive the departed glories of the temple of Jerusalem, which is apparently dear to every Mormon heart, as was that venerated house to the devout Jew, is building, as we stated before, on a bluff, and is indeed beautifully situated. It is about 120 feet long by 50 broad. When finished it is to consist of a basement, and two twenty-five foot stories. The basement and one twenty-five foot story is up, and the remainder in process of completion. The basement story is about 12 feet in the clear, the half of which is under ground. It is divided off into various sized rooms running along each side, with a large hall or room in the center. In this large room, stands the consecrated laver, supported by 12 oxen, carved with great fidelity to the living original. Four of the oxen face the north, four the south, and two each, east and west. They, as well as the laver are composed of wood, and are to be overlaid with gold.

The laver is of oblong shape, some four or five feet deep, and large enough for two priests to officiate at the rite of baptism, for which it is intended at once. A pump stands by to supply it with water. Stairs approach it from either side. I walked up and looked in. It contained nothing but a few inches of water. The laver, oxen, &c. are at present protected from the weather by a temporary roof. What the numerous rooms in this basement are intended for I did not learn. The walls are exceedingly strong and massive, even the partition walls are generally from two to three feet thick. The basement is lighted by numerous windows, about five feet high, and as many wide, arched over the top. Between these windows are very heavy pillars, on the top of which rest the basement stones of the less heavy pilasters between the windows of the upper stories. On each side of these basement stones is carved a crescent figure of the moon, with the profile of a man's face, as seen in old Almanacs. The windows of the upper stories are some fifteen or eighteen feet high; arched over the top in a perfect semi circle. The first story above the basement is divided into apartments, called the outer and the inner courts. The walls between these courts are three feet thick, of solid mason work, with two immense doors of passage between them. The outer court is some twenty-five feet wide, by ninety feet long—the inner court is about ninety feet square. These facts about the dimensions of the building I obtained from Joe himself. All the work is of good cut stone, almost white, and it will present a fine appearance when finished. How the second twenty-five foot story is to be finished I did not learn. I have been thus particular in my description of this building, as many exaggerated stories are circulated in regard to it.

Having thus visited the prophet and examined the city, and temple, I left for my temporary home at this place, thankful that I had been preserved from such vain and unhappy delusions, which cannot but work temporal and spiritual woe to all concerned in them, unless speedily repented of.

A BALLAD.

BY TOM HOOD, JR.

There lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books he said
He never had a wish.
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a 'school of fish.'

This single minded fisherman
A double calling had—
To tend his flock in winter time,
In summer, fish for food.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by 'hook and crook.'

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right—
And when he scratched his aged poll,
You'd know he'd got a bite.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine—
He found the most convenient way
Was just to 'drop a line.'

And many a 'gudgeon' of the pond,
If made to speak to day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty 'taking way.'

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck—
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking, caught a duck.

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken to much grog,
And being but a landsman too,
He couldn't 'keep the log.'

In rain he strove, with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down, he went, to feed the fish,
He'd baited off before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear:
A single 'drop too much' of rum
May make a watery bier.

And he who will not 'sign the pledge,'
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff
Cold water man at last.

FROM OREGON.

We have been permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written by Wm. T. Perry, formerly of this country, to Messrs. Collier and Sherkey. It is dated

OREGON CITY, March 30, 1843.

I arrived at the settlement in Oregon on the 29th September, where I have remained ever since, at my trade, (carpenter?), as I was of course compelled to, after spending all I had to get here; but I have done well, being now worth more than when I left Iowa. We have not been sick a day since we left the state. Hannah Abel was married in two weeks after we arrived here—she has done well. [Quick business that—great country for unmarried gals.] Now to the country, unmarriageable! Now to the country, which is not as I expected to find it. It is rough and broken, and generally heavy timbered principally with fir, yellow pine, cedar, hemlock, spruce, oak, sh and maple. It is well watered, and about one tenth prairie of excellent quality. The timbered land is excellent for farming. In the streams are an abundance of fish among which are the finest salmon in world.

There is enough to live on in this coun-

try. The inhabitants are generally good farmers, raise large quantities of grain, and have from 40 to 100 head of cattle, 20 to 60 head of hogs, and horses with out number. Clothing is cheaper here than in Iowa. There is nothing to be found in your stores, but what we have an abundance of, and at a cheaper rate, as they are brought here free of duty. Nothing will bear exportation from Iowa except good rifles. They are worth about \$50 in this country. Good cows will sell at from 30 to 50 dollars per head.

Several of our company are dissatisfied with the country, and contemplate going to California, this spring. For my part I am well satisfied, and expect to spend my days in Oregon. This place, (Oregon City) is situated at the head of navigation, and at the foot of Willammet falls, one of the greatest water powers in the world. It contains 12 dwelling houses, 3 stores, one blacksmith shop, one cooper's shop, 2 saw mills and one grist mill are in operation, and another of three run of stones is to be erected this summer. Two churches and a number of dwellings are to be put up this summer. I get three dollars a day for my work, and \$1.75 per day, without board. No ardent spirits in the country.

WM. T. PERRY.

The Editor of the Chicago, Democrat, who has just been elected to congress, has begun to taste the sweets of office. In his last paper he says:

"A charming young grass widow came into our office one day last week, and reported to us a long story of her matrimonial sufferings, the chief of which was that the husband she tenderly loved would not stay at home but kept wandering about the country, and would not take her with him. She cried most pitifully as she progressed in her daily wrongs. Finally she wound up her lamentations by stating that the court would do nothing for her, and the legislature would do nothing for her; and she had come to present her claims to Congress. Upon my telling her that congress could do nothing for her, she was astonished at our ignorance, as she had seen, almost every winter, accounts of bills introduced for the relief of several ladies; and it would be a great relief to her to be divorced, so that she could marry a man who would live at home. And the poor afflicted creature thought that President Tyler would not veto the bill, if we could only get it passed, as her husband was the strongest kind of a Clay man."

"Well, this is getting into business very fast. First, we have to give all our friends an office. Second, we have to divorce all unhappy couples. Eight dollars a day is too cheap for such work."

A HORSE WITH TROUSERS ON.—The N. Y. correspondent of the providence Journal says:

"I saw in this streets to day a novel sight,—a horse in trousers; a Christian drayman having adopted this method of keeping the animal's legs from the flies. They were made in the modern fashion, loose, without straps, and gathered at the top. It is enough to make one respect the draymen here as a class, to remark the great intimacy existing between them and their horses. They seldom overlaid them, keep them well, and carress them with a degree of fondness quite touching. But the omnibus drivers are cruel to a point of torture that is, or ought to be, indictable."

GATHERING POTATOES.

Irish potatoes, if it is desirable to have them in all their excellence, should never have the sun shine on them after they are dug, and should be exposed to the air and light as little as may be. Potatoes pitted or buried in holes in the field, retain their freshness and quality much later than those put in open bins in the cellar; and the farmer will always do well to have a few pitted for spring use. The necessity for this may in a great measure be obviated by lining the bottom and sides of a bin with turf, and when it is filled, covering in the same manner. Potatoes will keep perfectly sound and good for years, if placed so low in the earth as to have a temperature too low for vegetation. Experiments made in a compact soil, on the north side of buildings or walls show that four or five feet will usually be sufficient; in a lighter or more porous soil, a greater depth is requisite. No water in any case should stand on potatoes, as it will soon destroy them. If potatoes are dug and pitted early, there should be an opening made at the apex of the heap, and filled with wisp of straw, to keep out the rain, but at the same time to allow the heated air to pass off.—American Farmer.